

One Night of Chaos by Luddleston

Series: [Chaotic Time Travel \[1\]](#)

Category: Hades (Video Game 2018)

Genre: Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Chaos Shenanigans, Double Penetration, Enthusiastic Consent, Established Patrochilles, M/M, Master/Slave, Threesome - M/M/M, Time Travel, aww yeah got to use the chaotic bathing tag, bottom Zagreus, chaotic bathing

Language: English

Characters: Achilles (Hades Video Game), Chaos (Hades Video Game), Patroclus (Hades Video Game), Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

Relationships: Achilles/Patroclus/Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-02-05

Updated: 2021-02-05

Packaged: 2022-12-19 10:55:25

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 11,590

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Zagreus never knew what he was going to get upon visiting Chaos, but that was sort of in the name, wasn't it?

Sensing Zagreus' desire for two particular men, Chaos sends him back in time. He lands in Achilles and Patroclus' bed, disguised as a mortal and dressed like a captive of war, a prize meant to honor the heroes.

He's only allowed to stay for one night, but there's a lot he can do with two men and one night.

One Night of Chaos

Author's Note:

- For [eggchef](#).

Egg: I have an idea

Me, 2 hours later: I have written 2,500 words and I'm not stopping

Anyway I went entirely feral on this concept, I blame it on the first romance novel I read being captive prince.

Zagreus never knew what he was going to get upon visiting Chaos, but that was sort of in the name, wasn't it?

"Greetings, Son of Hades." He'd never get used to the chorus of their voice.

"Hello," Zagreus said, even though he had not been prompted to respond. It was polite to return a greeting, after all.

He'd come across the Chaos gate late in his run this time. That was, Zagreus supposed, why they peered at him strangely. Maybe he was unusually equipped with more boons than Chaos normally saw him with, or maybe Chaos had sensed that Zagreus had gotten into a tussle with one of their grandchildren and had won.

"There is something—someone, rather—that you want." It was not said as though Chaos referred to his quest to find Persephone. Rather...

Zagreus recalled the last chamber he had come from.

Patroclus had spoken of Achilles, this time. He always looked particularly mournful when he mentioned his lover, and Zagreus wished desperately to see the two of them reunited. If only he could change Father's pact... was this what Chaos was offering?

"I cannot meddle in the affairs of the God of the Dead," Chaos said. "I refer to your other desire."

No.

There was no way.

The image came to his mind once more, just as unbidden as it had been when he'd thought of it in Patroclus' chamber: Zagreus between him and Achilles, stripped bare and being kissed and touched and loved by them.

"Yes, that one."

"Chaos, I—"

"There will be limits to your excursion. It will last for only one night, and outside of the current place and time. Do you accept?"

"How would you even—?"

"Do. You. Accept?"

There was usually only one answer with Chaos.

"Sure, why not?"

— — —

Zagreus did not reappear out of the Chaos Gate into another part of Elysium, that much was for certain.

"Where... am I?"

There was nobody around to answer, but the immediate was obvious. He was in an enormous tent. There was light coming through the entrance, which he recognized as sunlight, although very dim and mostly red-orange. Either sunrise, or something Zagreus had not yet seen, sunset.

The surface? How...?

Zagreus continued to search for answers and discovered several strange things instead.

One: he was entirely nude, except for an excess of jewelry—gold cuffs on his arms and bracelets looping around his wrists, elaborate earrings that were long enough to brush his shoulders if he tipped his head just a bit, a collar of jewels that reminded him a bit of Than's gorget, but much sparklier and less functional as armor. There was also a bracelet around his ankle, a delicate golden piece that led him to his next discovery.

Two: his feet were not burning. In fact, they were a bit chilly, and they matched the color of the rest of his skin, which made him feel oddly as though he was looking at somebody else's limbs.

Three: his eyes were both green. He noticed this upon observing himself in a metal plate that rested on a low table near him, originally trying to get a better look at the earrings. His laurel was missing as well, the shape of his hair looking strange without his usual adornment.

Well. Huh. Did he look *mortal*?

He was still considering himself in the polished surface of the plate when someone stepped through the entrance to the tent, and Zagreus almost dropped it. He fumbled it back onto the table and turned to face the newcomers, two men, both of whom... he recognized? Shocked, he plopped right back into the seated position he'd been in when he awoke? Arrived?

As he looked up at them, he found himself hard pressed to keep his mouth from dropping open.

It was Achilles and Patroclus, that much was obvious. But they were together, for one, and they looked younger. Both had less lines in their faces, Achilles' hair a bit shorter, just barely brushing his shoulders, while Patroclus kept his beard trimmed closer to his face. They were in full armor, each bearing spears, which they were quick to put aside as soon as they entered the tent. Zagreus had never seen so much of Achilles' legs bare. He'd never seen Patroclus stand so straight.

He'd never seen Patroclus stand at all, now that he thought of it.

They weren't shades, he realized slowly, as they looked at one another and then back at him. The ethereal quality that radiated from those of Elysium didn't settle about them, and they breathed as mortals did. Or at least, that was what Zagreus assumed. He had never seen a mortal man before.

Achilles examined him with his head cocked, his brows raising in a look of interest. "Well. You are a pretty one." Zagreus might have said the same of Achilles, if he had it in him to speak. Achilles' eye drifted from Zagreus' face, down to where his hands clasped in his lap, preserving what he could of his modesty. "A man? I'm surprised they didn't kill you."

Zagreus was putting it together, slower than he probably should have. *Thighs. Thighs were very distracting.* This was Achilles and Patroclus of the Trojan war.

"I'm not a bit surprised," Patroclus said, kneeling and observing Zagreus closer, reaching out, his hand hovering just to the side of Zagreus' face. When Zagreus didn't flinch, he stroked down his jaw. "You said it yourself. He's lovely."

This was Achilles and Patroclus of the Trojan war, and Zagreus was in their tent, stripped bare.

"What are you, then?" Achilles asked, removing his armor with practiced ease. "Some nobleman's concubine?"

"I... something like that," Zagreus said, even though it was nothing like that. But little about him right now would make them believe he was a prince, much less a god. Achilles looked over his shoulder, frowning as if Zagreus had made a misstep. "I'm sorry, sir, it's just, I'm not exactly sure how I ended up here?"

"Don't worry," Patroclus stepped back, taking off his own armor as well. "We won't hurt you, do you see?"

Zagreus licked his lips before he realized he was doing it. The clothing they wore beneath the armor stuck to their bodies with sweat. Clearly they had exerted themselves in battle, coming home after a long day of waging war, with Zagreus to welcome them.

He was their prize.

"Oh, I'm not worried about that," he said.

They both looked at him with a bit of astonishment in their eyes. Achilles was the first to regain a less startled expression, his face breaking into a smile. "He's bold, isn't he?" he asked Patroclus. "No wonder they gave him to us. You always get so sad when the girls are afraid."

"And you don't?" Zagreus found himself asking, even though he had not been addressed. He knew little of what his position was here, but if Achilles was displeased by the insolence, he may have been in danger. "Sorry, Achilles, sir, I just—"

"So you do know who we are." Achilles was smiling wider. He dropped to his knees, which still put him higher than Zagreus. Gods, he was large enough to be imposing when he loomed like this, broad-chested and proud in his stance, a spark of something different within him. *He is a demigod*, Zagreus remembered. "And yet, you're still not afraid, even knowing we've killed so many Trojans. Interesting."

Touch me, Zagreus wanted to beg.

"And to answer your question, no. I am an instrument of war, not a calming presence. If the women are fearful, Patroclus tends to them without me. I only scare them more." There was something regretful in his face, and Zagreus found himself a little more able to reconcile this Achilles with the man he knew.

"Well, you've no need to worry about that from me," Zagreus said. Despite his mortal guise, he could feel that none of his strength was diminished. If anyone tried something he didn't want, Zagreus could stop them. Not that it was much of a concern. He wanted everything.

"You speak well," Patroclus said. Dammit. Zagreus wasn't meant to know their language, was he?

Patroclus said nothing more of it, and Zagreus hoped this meant he had not provoked suspicion. He sat beside Zagreus instead, reaching for him again, each time moving slowly, making his movements clear before he set a hand on Zagreus, in case he might want to recoil. Zagreus, instead, wanted to lean in. Patroclus touched his shoulder, tilting him a bit this way and that, observing every part of him with an almost clinical precision.

"You're not hurt anywhere?" he asked, and a pang of sadness struck Zagreus as he realized that usually, those won in war would have been much more battered than he. Of course Patroclus, the man who always offered him something to heal his wounds, would be checking him over for injury.

"I'm not."

A little smile crossed Patroclus' face, so much sweeter than anything Zagreus had seen from him in his own time. "That's good."

"Tell us your name," Achilles said. Zagreus had not remembered that they wouldn't know.

"Zagreus."

"Zagreus? That's unusual." Patroclus' hand was still on his shoulder, a warm weight. It was odd to hear his name from Patroclus' mouth instead of 'stranger'. "I'm Patroclus. Are you hungry? Or do you want something to drink, perhaps?"

"No," he said, before remembering that perhaps a mortal in such a scenario would have. Of course, to cover this up, he began talking again. "If I understand the situation I find myself in correctly, I'm meant to attend you, rather than the other way around."

"If you want," Patroclus said, at the same time Achilles said, "so you are." It was almost as if their personalities were reversed. Death must have gentled

Achilles as much as it turned Patroclus acerbic. Zagreus reveled in the confidence on Achilles' face, as the two of them stood.

"Perhaps you start by getting us a bit cleaner," Patroclus suggested. "A dip in the ocean wasn't enough to rid us of all the day's stains." Ah, so it was seawater that plastered their clothing to every contour of their muscles. Zagreus would have to thank his uncle for that particular effect.

There was a basin and a pitcher of water in one corner of the tent, with a soft cloth draped over the side of the basin, large enough that one could use it to bathe with if one did not want to leave the tent. Zagreus was used to the enormous baths at the House of Hades, but he could make this work. This was a much more up-close and personal way of washing someone, and the lust-addled part of Zagreus appreciated the opportunity to get his hands on them.

Zagreus poured the water from the pitcher into the basin—cold, but the air in the tent was warm and humid, so it would probably feel nice. After wetting the cloth, he knelt before Patroclus, a little thrill running through him as he placed himself in the position of a servant. Patroclus inhaled sharply as Zagreus first touched him, and he heard Achilles laugh.

"What?" Zagreus couldn't help but ask.

"Most would have started with myself, given my position," Achilles said.

"Patroclus was the one who asked."

Another look of open surprise from Achilles. "So he did," he said, after a moment. "It's not a problem. I imagine I'll greatly like watching. Except..."

There was mischief in his eyes as he peeled Patroclus' wet clothes from his form, leaving him barer than Zagreus was. On his knees, Zagreus was nearly level with Patroclus' cock. Gods, it was thick, even soft.

"I like the way you think, sir," he said to Achilles, who seemed to like Zagreus more when he called him 'sir,' even though he perhaps did not deserve the term of respect as much as the Achilles of Zagreus' time did.

Achilles proved how much he enjoyed the way Zagreus addressed him by removing his own clothes, too, before sprawling out on the bed, propped up by the cushions so that he could enjoy his show.

When Zagreus returned his attention to Patroclus, he realized he had not been the only one watching Achilles undress. Were they already a couple, or merely in the process of becoming one? Zagreus wasn't privy to the timeline of their romance, nor was there reason for him to ask, so he contented himself with observing them. Very closely.

He could have cleaned Patroclus off in a much more brisk fashion, but moving slower, running the cloth over his skin in gentle circles, Zagreus gave himself much more time to feel up the muscle and skin he'd always wanted to touch. He paid special attention to Patroclus' thighs, putting to action every urge he'd ever had to slide his hands up Patroclus' skirt and feel what was underneath.

He wasn't sure if he should handle Patroclus' cock or ignore it, and supposed the latter was safer. It was more likely that he'd actually get Patroclus cleaned if he ignored that particular part of him, at least. If Zagreus touched his cock, he might have just stopped there.

He stood, as he was unable to reach the rest of Patroclus' body from his knees. Patroclus' abdomen was firm under his touch, but his pectorals had a bit more give. Zagreus found himself moving even slower, here. He brought up his free hand to touch without the barrier of the cloth.

When he looked up, he found Patroclus watching him, meeting his eye. His deep breath stirred the skin below Zagreus' hand. He moved on—he probably should have stepped behind Patroclus to wash his back, but it was just as easy to take a half-step closer and draw the cloth around to Patroclus' lower back from right where he was at. There were still a few inches of space between them, much as Zagreus wanted to press himself flush against Patroclus, that also did not seem very conducive to getting clean.

"Achilles, are you certain we've not been sent a siren?" Patroclus said. He was close enough that Zagreus could feel Patroclus' breath on his own mouth.

"I wouldn't know," Achilles said archly, "I haven't had my turn. But he does look to be very good with his hands."

"Shall we end his misery and let him feel your hands?" Patroclus asked, now grinning at Zagreus. He was, for all intents, cleaned off. The way Zagreus touched him now was perhaps a bit of lingering.

"You absolutely should," Achilles decided for them. He was already standing. "Here, finish this for me," he said, handing a cup to Patroclus. Zagreus hadn't even noticed him pouring himself the wine, but he could see it on his lips now, a little stain of purplish-red in the bow of his lower lip.

Zagreus may have taken longer than was strictly necessary rinsing and re-wetting the cloth, if only to observe the form of Achilles before him. He stood as if he was a heroic statue, but it was not a purposeful pose, his body simply arranged itself that way. Achilles was always handsome, but in this time, he acted as if he knew this about himself.

Patroclus, who had settled into Achilles' place with Achilles' wine, gave Zagreus an encouraging nod. As if, perhaps, he'd need some nudging to be willing to put his hands on somebody so powerful.

Zagreus, of course, was not having reservations for this reason. Patroclus did not know that he was trying to resolve the image of a somber Achilles who wore skirts that reached the floor and whose smiles always held a little bit of mournfulness with this perfect specimen of a hero.

In the same way he'd bathed Patroclus, Zagreus knelt before Achilles. If he moved faster, it was only because he wanted to know what Achilles would do once Zagreus was on his feet before him, if he would be confident enough to hold Zagreus' body against his.

Achilles' skin was flawless, golden from time under the sun and turned bronze by the torchlight in the tent. Zagreus was reminded that this chaotic journey through time had put him on the surface. Could he have gone out and explored it? He didn't entertain the question for long; Achilles and Patroclus were more enticing to him than the promise of the surface, especially when he knew his time here was limited anyway. He couldn't do

much exploring in one night's time, but he could do something very memorable with these men.

"You look right in my eyes," Achilles said. Unlike Patroclus, he did not keep his hands free of Zagreus' person. He settled them on Zagreus' waist, at the thinnest part. "It's quite nearly insolent of you."

"Do you want me to look at something else?" Zagreus asked. He could think of a few places.

Achilles shook his head. "I like it. Your eyes are lovely. I can stand a bit of disobedience to look at them."

"I can be perfectly obedient," Zagreus said, already feeling himself flush from the compliment. He was weak to Achilles' praise, as he always had been. "You need only tell me what you want me to do." The air between them felt charged. Zagreus had never wanted a kiss so badly in his life.

"What a clever tongue," Patroclus observed.

"Indeed." Achilles lifted one hand to Zagreus' chin, his thumb pressing against Zagreus' lower lip. "We're going to enjoy you, aren't we, Pat?"

Zagreus looked to Patroclus for an answer. He did not receive one immediately—instead, Patroclus drank, tipping the cup back to drain it entirely. Then, he set it on the low table next to the plate in which Zagreus had observed that his eyes were a little more on the mortal side of lovely, compared to the usual.

"If that's what he wants," Patroclus said, his voice placid and somehow more resembling that of his shade's voice than it had all night. It was a tone Zagreus associated with Patroclus in a particularly good mood, although perhaps in life it had been simply neutral.

Achilles waited on Zagreus' answer, removing his hands from Zagreus' body and taking the washcloth, which had been hanging limp in his hand. He tossed it, and it landed back in the basin with a little splash, even though Achilles had not looked where he was aiming.

Zagreus was not deciding, but he was luxuriating in the moment, and also functioning under the assumption that an immediate acquiescence would be viewed as strange. Most would not want to be in his position, even knowing that Achilles and Patroclus were good men. Zagreus, however, was glad to be of service.

“It’s what I want.” His words, barely above a whisper, sounded loud in the tent. This was because Achilles and Patroclus had gone completely silent, barely even breathing.

He expected Achilles’ hands on him immediately, pulling him closer, but all he received was one hand placed gently at the small of his back, pushing in Patroclus’ direction with very little force. Achilles was holding himself back whenever he touched Zagreus. He did not realize that this was unnecessary, of course. Zagreus couldn’t up and tell him, so he would have to find another way to break Achilles’ control.

“Go to him,” Achilles said.

Zagreus wasn’t certain why he was being pushed into Patroclus’ arms, whether it was to mirror him going to Patroclus first when he got them cleaned up, or because Achilles doubted himself here. Zagreus did not have time to speculate. Instead, he obediently crossed the tent to Patroclus, sitting at his side with his legs tucked up under himself. Dropping straight into his lap felt a bit much, even though that was what Zagreus had wanted to do. The queen’s ransom’s worth of jewelry Zagreus wore clinked as he sat. He’d nearly forgotten he had it all on.

When Patroclus pulled him closer, it was by the golden armband on his bicep, carefully avoiding his skin.

“Would you prefer to take some of this off? It must be heavy,” he said, meaning the gold.

“Not really. I’m used to it,” Zagreus said, although the truth was that his usual armor was heavier. “And I like how it looks.” He liked how it separated him from the two of them, how it made him into a prize, a gift.

Patroclus caressed his face, reminiscent of how he'd touched Zagreus upon first seeing him. He leaned into it, tilting his head so that he could press his lips to Patroclus' palm, not quite a kiss. His eyes flicked to watch Patroclus' face as he did, enjoying the way his lips parted and his attention focused squarely on Zagreus' mouth.

"What would you ask of me?" Zagreus let his mouth brush against the pad of Patroclus' thumb as he spoke. His hands were layered with thick calluses, unlike Achilles', which Zagreus attributed to Achilles' invulnerability. He couldn't help but wonder how those calluses would feel on other parts of him which were more sensitive than his lips. "I'll do anything you want."

He hadn't heard Achilles join them, but Zagreus was used to his mentor's ability to move with preternatural silence. Zagreus himself had never had that skill, always loud as could be.

Achilles folded himself against Patroclus' side, looking over Patroclus' shoulder at Zagreus. The contrast of Patroclus' dark skin against Achilles' bronze was beautifully striking. Achilles put an arm over Patroclus' waist, proprietary, as if letting Zagreus know their greatest affection was for each other, and he had nothing to win by trying to gain favor from either of them alone.

Seeing them like that, as lovers, put a smile on his face that Zagreus tried to turn into something demure, tilting his chin down to hide the pure joy in his eyes.

"Anything we want?" Achilles shifted a bit, and Patroclus' teeth dug into his lower lip. Their proximity left little to the imagination—quite obviously, Achilles had his cock pressed against Patroclus' backside, and any movement would be felt distinctively. Zagreus wished that he was the one feeling it, instead.

"I know what you want," Patroclus said to Achilles, who pinched his hip once he realized he was being teased.

“Care to enlighten me?” There was something heartrendingly sweet about seeing the two of them together for the first time. Zagreus would have felt nearly as if he were intruding, if not for Patroclus’ declaration of Achilles’ desires.

“He wants to fuck you. Don’t, you, Achilles? A pretty thing like this. I’ll bet you’ve been thinking about it since we found our prize waiting here for us.”

“Pat—“

“Don’t try to deny it. After a day’s worth of battle like this, you always want to—you just thought you’d be getting your cock wet between my thighs instead of getting to have a gift such as this.”

Zagreus wasn’t quite fast enough to bite down on the moan that escaped his lips. Had Patroclus *always* had this capacity for dirty talk? His sharp tongue was absolutely wasted in Elysium.

“See, Achilles? I think he agrees.” Patroclus’ hand traced down Zagreus’ neck, following the lines of his collarbone. “Don’t you? Tell Achilles what you want.”

“I want your cock,” he said, without hesitation.

Achilles, who Zagreus had always thought was beyond ruffling, was becoming flushed, clutching tight to Patroclus’ hip and grinding against him in tight little circles.

“I want yours, too,” he said to Patroclus. “Preferably at the same time.”

“That last bit doesn’t sound like a good idea, given that we wouldn’t like to hurt you.” Patroclus played with the lowest-hanging bauble on Zagreus’ necklace, the one that hung just over his sternum.

“Oh, you won’t hurt me.”

Achilles tapped Patroclus’ hip. “Go get—hurry up.”

Patroclus seemed to understand his truncated sentences, although he did grumble about it. He extracted himself from between them, which gave Zagreus a wonderful view of Achilles, flushed down to his chest and hard, his breathing heavy. He didn't stay in place for long.

In an instant, Achilles rolled himself atop Zagreus, grasping him by the waist and thrusting against him once, twice, as if he simply couldn't resist. Zagreus wasn't fully hard yet, even though he'd been growing steadily more aroused since they entered the tent. He'd get there soon, if Achilles had anything to say about it. Gods, he could come like this, just rutting against Achilles' cock until he overwhelmed himself with pleasure.

"Kiss me," he begged, his back bowing into Achilles' touch.

Achilles paused at this request, and looked over his shoulder at Patroclus. Was this something they reserved for one another only? Zagreus could feel the swell of hope and passion within him receding, replaced by anxiety—had he overstepped?

Patroclus returned to them, and set a hand on Achilles' head with the same air of possession Achilles had displayed. His fingers slid over Achilles' curls, his hand steadying at the base of Achilles' neck, squeezing there. "You know you won't be able to stop yourself if you do that," he observed.

"Yes," Achilles breathed, tipping his head back to kiss Patroclus instead, which was nearly as good. Their mouths fit together with a practiced ease, Achilles' lower lip between Patroclus' lips as if his mouth belonged there.

It was brief, and when they parted, Patroclus turned to Zagreus. "Allow me to give you Achilles' kiss on his behalf," he said.

Oh, that, Zagreus could accept. "Please," he said, and Patroclus bowed his head to offer Zagreus a kiss which was definitely not the one Achilles had just given him. It was filthy, Patroclus' thumb pressing into Zagreus' jaw to urge his mouth open, his tongue stealing Zagreus' breath. This was not a simulacrum of the tenderness with which Patroclus had kissed Achilles, rather, this was a demonstration of how Patroclus was going to fuck Zagreus. It had Zagreus clutching Patroclus' shoulders, bucking up against

Achilles, whining for more as Patroclus showed him exactly how clever his tongue was. He never wanted it to stop, and at the same time, he wanted more.

When Patroclus pulled away, Zagreus could still taste the rich wine on his tongue.

“I told you,” Patroclus said, his breathing less than steady, “a siren.” His skin was too dark to show a flush but his eyes betrayed heat.

“It seems you may have been correct,” Achilles said. “Here, let me have that.”

Patroclus had, of course, gotten up to get oil, which he handed to Achilles at his request. “Do be careful with that.”

“Do be quiet,” Achilles shot back. His fingertips traced down the center of Zagreus' chest. “This isn't your first time doing this, he said, knowing that he was correct by the way Zagreus eagerly spread his legs.

“Of course not.”

“I hope you forgive us if we take our time with you anyway,” Patroclus said. Zagreus realized that Achilles had not taken the oil so that he might prepare Zagreus himself, but he was pouring a bit into his palm so that he could slick Patroclus' fingers instead. Achilles, having seemingly recovered from his momentary foray into rutting against Zagreus like he was about to get them both off, was holding himself carefully again.

You may take me however you like, Zagreus wanted to say to him, *you can't break me*. “If you must,” he said, trying to sound put out and not quite managing it because he was quite happy to have Patroclus like this, stretched out beside him with one hand between his legs, spending an inordinate amount of time feeling him up before finally pressing a finger in.

“You can give me more than that,” Zagreus told him, although the delicacy of it was sweet. “Come on, at least two.” Any more of this and he'd be begging for it. He already felt a little like he was begging.

“Well? Give the boy what he wants, Pat.”

Patroclus observed his face with distinct scrutiny as he pressed another finger inside, faster than most mortals could take, Zagreus guessed. He gave no hint of discomfort, since it was far from uncomfortable, rocking down to shove Patroclus’ fingers deeper instead.

“Gods, just listen to him,” Patroclus said. Zagreus had not realized he was making any noise and became all too aware of it as soon as Patroclus said anything, strangling his breathy moans and soft whines in his throat.

“Stop that,” Achilles said, taking his chin, guiding his mouth open. “Let us hear you.”

His request was answered immediately, thanks to Patroclus curling his fingers up, pressing against his insides in all the right ways. The noise Zagreus made was throaty and *loud*, and made him hope Achilles was respected enough to be left undisturbed even if such sounds drifted through the walls of his tent.

“That’s it.” Achilles allowed more of his weight to drop onto Zagreus, his cock once again rubbing against the crease between Zagreus’ hip and thigh.

“Beautiful,” Patroclus agreed, fucking Zagreus faster, a little rougher, allowing him to feel every callus on his fingers, and gods, did Zagreus appreciate Patroclus’ years as a warrior in that moment.

“Gods, would one of you just *fuck me*?”

Patroclus laughed, curling his fingers again and making Zagreus shout. “I think he might be nearly as demanding as you are,” he said to Achilles, who was digging his fingers into the pillow beside Zagreus’ head with a force that Zagreus thought might tear it.

“Move your hand, Patroclus, I want him.”

Patroclus did as requested, and then stroked Achilles’ cock to transfer the excess oil to him. Achilles bucked into his lover’s touch—gods, if he

fucked Zagreus like that, Zagreus was going to have a wonderful time here.

He did not, at least not right away.

When Achilles first entered Zagreus, his hips jerked sharply, but then he slowed, easing himself the rest of the way in, even though his body shook with the energy held in tension within him.

“Don’t hold yourself back,” Zagreus urged, even as Achilles began to fuck him, so slow that it ached. If he wanted to continue this way, of course Zagreus would allow it, even just this was so much more than he’d imagined, but... Achilles was clearly struggling to keep pace, to hold steady. “I want everything you’ve got.”

“I’m not sure that you do.” Achilles said it through gritted teeth.

“Oh, come now. I know you can go harder than that.” Even just that amount of goading set Achilles off for a split second, his hips snapping forward and his mouth dropping open on a moan.

He pressed his forehead to Zagreus’ chest, still clinging to the bedding as if he was afraid to touch Zagreus.

“I thought you were supposed to be part god,” Zagreus teased, feeling up Achilles’ biceps because he’d always wanted to do that. “Why is it that you fuck me like a mortal man?”

He’d never forget the little growl that Achilles made before fucking him in earnest, just for a few thrusts before stopping himself again.

"Like *that*, don't stop," Zagreus whined, propping himself up on one elbow so that he could drag Achilles in and kiss him. *Fuck all your reservations*, Zagreus thought, *I want this*.

"I suppose you asked for this, you strange man," Patroclus said, petting along Zagreus' side.

Zagreus barely heard him, swept up when Achilles began kissing him back, finally getting his hands on Zagreus, clutching at the side of his face to pull

him into the kiss. He drove into Zagreus faster, harder, finally fucking him with all the power Zagreus knew he held in his body. One of his elbows hooked below Zagreus' knee, spreading him open wider.

As soon as Achilles stopped kissing him, Patroclus was there, his beard scraping at Zagreus' cheek for a second before he met Zagreus' lips. Achilles hid his face in Zagreus' neck, occasionally planting messy kisses there. He held Zagreus by the hip, keeping him still, forcing him to take it. Giving him exactly what he wanted.

Zagreus' fingers skidded on Achilles' back, sweat making his grip slippery. Feeling all that muscle in motion was overwhelming enough—when that particular motion was *fucking him*, Zagreus was incandescent with pleasure.

"Gods, you take him so well," Patroclus said, his voice scraped raw with arousal. "I've never seen him fuck anybody else the way he fucks me."

The way he fucks me.

Zagreus' heartbeat was frantic, need making him frenzied. He had to hold onto them, he had to have them, he had to let them take every piece of him that they wanted.

"Come in me," he said, sinking one hand into Achilles' curls, moving with him as Achilles lifted his head. "I want to feel it."

"What a treasure you are."

Achilles sealed his lips over Zagreus' in another all-consuming kiss and did not slow for a moment. He made a muffled sound against Zagreus' lips as he finally stilled, burying himself deep as he came. He held Zagreus too tight, left bruises, and Zagreus loved every second of it. Would he still have those bruises when he came back to his own time?

For a long moment, Achilles rested his head on Zagreus' sternum, his hot, fast breaths condensing on Zagreus' chest. He loosened his grip, massaging Zagreus' skin where his fingers had dug in. It was an act congruent with the Achilles Zagreus knew, and he smiled, running his fingers through Achilles'

hair. Achilles gave a soft grunt as he pulled out, and then settled down against Zagreus' side, idly petting at Zagreus' chest. He was beautiful in the afterglow, golden and serene, his eyes drifting half-closed and then opening again to watch Zagreus' face.

"Are you..."

"I'm good," Zagreus said. "I'm sort of good." He looked over his shoulder at Patroclus. "I'll be better once you've had me."

"You're sure?" Patroclus stroked Zagreus' hip, oh gods, if only he would move his hand *down*.

"I've never been surer." Zagreus lifted his knee, opening his legs for Patroclus, who breathed shakily as he came closer.

He started with his fingers again, placing a line of slow kisses from Zagreus' shoulder to his earlobe as he touched him. As Patroclus continued fucking Zagreus on his fingers, he felt the sensation of wetness trickling over his thigh, but the fact that it was Achilles' come made it erotic instead of unpleasant. He also got the privilege of observing Achilles' face as Achilles watched the two of them.

Zagreus was already almost at his limit—if Achilles had gone a little longer, he would have come—which meant that Patroclus' slow fingering was more painful than pleasant. Zagreus reached up and around, clasping the back of Patroclus' head.

"Come on," he said. "Do you want me to beg? I'll beg."

"You are quite pretty when you beg," Patroclus said. He kissed Zagreus' jaw, nosed behind his ear.

Zagreus pitched his voice low, breathy. "Please, sir. I know you're going to make me feel incredible. Fuck me. I've never wanted anything so bad—except perhaps Achilles' cock, a few moments ago."

This made Achilles laugh, tucking his face into the hollow of Zagreus' throat and reaching up to play with one of the dangling ends of his earring. His breath warmed the golden chains of the necklace where it sat against Zagreus' skin. "He sounds ever so sincere, my love."

My love.

The pet name was not directed at him, but Zagreus flushed regardless, basking in the sweetness. And then he was flushing because the blunt head of Patroclus' cock was pressing into him, and *oh*, he was so much thicker than Achilles. Zagreus was so full he could feel it in his *throat*. It was like the stretch he got from his favorite toy of Meg's, but hot and living—Zagreus needed something to hold onto, so he grasped for Achilles, despite not being entirely sure whether Achilles wanted to be touched after.

Achilles allowed it, enjoyed it, even, kissing Zagreus' collarbone and stroking his sides. "It's good, isn't it?" he asked, in a conspiratorial hush even though Patroclus' face was inches from his, with his nose pressed into Zagreus' neck. "His cock is incredible. The first time he got in me, I sobbed."

So this was what Achilles was like after sex. Confessional. Zagreus would have lingered in that longer, would have asked him more to see what answers he could pry from him, but Patroclus had him at quite the loss for words.

Not at a loss for anything coming from his lips, though.

"*Achilles*, how... how did you not fuck him with all your strength the moment you entered him—he feels incredible. Oh, Zagreus, *ah*—"

"I am a paragon of self control," Achilles said.

Patroclus laughed, but it was a broken, breathless thing.

He didn't have the angle to fuck Zagreus as hard as Achilles had. To be quite honest, Zagreus was glad of this, if only because he would have come

long before Patroclus was anywhere near close, and his desire to have both of them come inside him tonight would be for naught.

Achilles leaned in and kissed Zagreus, slow and lingering, and Zagreus was lost for a moment between the two of them. With his eyes closed, he could imagine this was the Achilles and Patroclus of his time, his beloved mentor and devoted friend embracing him. So lost was he in this fantasy that he startled when Achilles' voice was not quite as soft, still bearing the sharp edges of a warrior. "Look at you. The way you take him. Were you made for us?"

"Gods, I hope so," Zagreus mumbled, desperately tipping his chin forward to kiss Achilles again. Achilles pulled him in with one finger crooked in the chain of his necklace, even though Zagreus did not need to be pulled anywhere.

"I believe he was," Patroclus sighed, continuing his slow, steady movements, his hand smoothing over the bruises Achilles had left at Zagreus' hip.

"I know that look," Achilles said, when he glanced over Zagreus' shoulder at Patroclus. His voice was lilting with humor. "You're going to come, but you don't want this to be over so fast."

Patroclus reached around to shove at Achilles' shoulder. "Don't be irritatingly right if you're not going to help. Can't you see how much our little jewel here wants you to touch him?"

Zagreus had hardly realized it himself, but he was reaching for Achilles without thinking. He had one hand pressed against Achilles' chest, the other on his shoulder, touching but not quite holding, even his subconscious aware that Achilles wasn't really *his*.

But he was Achilles'. There was no hesitation in the way Achilles wrapped his hand around Zagreus' cock, looked him straight in the eye, and told him, "if he feels you come, it'll push him over the edge, too. I know it. You must be close, hm?" He leaned in closer, kissing Zagreus once and then turning

Zagreus' face so that Patroclus could kiss him, too. "You've taken care of us so well tonight, what do you need?"

He couldn't answer, his mouth so preoccupied with Patroclus' tongue, and he couldn't decide between thrusting forward into Achilles' hand or back onto Patroclus' cock, so he simply moaned, and left himself to their will.

This was probably for the best.

If given chance to speak, he would have said: *tell me I'm yours.*

"Achilles," Patroclus said, and Achilles must have understood what he meant by it, because he let go of Zagreus' cock and shifted out of the way, allowing Patroclus to urge Zagreus onto his front.

Patroclus planted his knees on either side of Zagreus', bracketing him in, hoisting his hips up so that Patroclus could have a better angle with which to fuck him. *Oh*, the strength in this man, he was nearly as powerful as Achilles. It was something Zagreus had observed in his frame, even when Patroclus was slumped to the ground in Elysium, his muscular definition was obvious, but now, feeling all of it in action...

Zagreus was fairly certain his spine had melted right out his body. At the very least, he couldn't hold himself up, his upper half slumping down into the pillows. If Patroclus hadn't been gripping his hips, he would have been a puddle. Patroclus didn't hold back for a second, and whether it was because he'd observed that Zagreus had been able to take Achilles with ease or because he truly had less self-control, Zagreus did not know. All he knew was that it felt incredible, that Patroclus knew exactly how to hold him so that his cock was angled perfectly to drive Zagreus wild.

He didn't think he'd ever been so thoroughly fucked. He was going to have to give Chaos all the ambrosia he could find in thanks.

"I think he might come without my hands on him," Achilles said. He set a hand on the back of Zagreus' head, his thumb stroking behind Zagreus' ear, right where his laurel would normally sit. "Will you, Zagreus?"

"Yes," Zagreus groaned, twisting one hand in the bedding beneath them and reaching for Achilles with the other, holding onto the first part of him he could reach—his forearm, Zagreus later realized. "I... *oh*, Patroclus, *just like that*."

"Beautiful," Patroclus called him, "lovely, perfect." Zagreus burned hotter with every compliment, with every snap of Patroclus' hip. The coil of heat within him twisted tighter and tighter, he'd snap if Patroclus didn't stop.

He'd scream if Patroclus *did* stop.

He screamed anyways: "yes, yes, *AH!*" spilling all over their bedcovers as Patroclus continued to fuck him through it, and through his own orgasm, if the heat and slickness was any indication.

Patroclus kissed him after, across his shoulders and down the length of his spine, pulling out of him with a soft, self-satisfied sigh. He settled against Zagreus afterward, pinning him to the bed, and laughing when Zagreus wriggled underneath him.

"Not so eager to enjoy the afterglow?" he asked.

"Oh, it's not—we're quite a mess, is all."

"Stay," Achilles said, even as Patroclus removed his bulk from Zagreus' person. "I promise, I'll clean you up in the morning. Wouldn't do not to return that favor, after all."

Would Zagreus even be there in the morning? *Only one night*, Chaos had said. He wanted to get up, to keep moving, to spur on another round. But Achilles' voice was so deep and indulgent, and their bed was so comfortable when Zagreus managed to avoid the wet spot. He didn't often rest, but between them, he felt as if he could. Patroclus leaned over him, and Zagreus watched Achilles sit up to accept his kiss, lazy and sweet, something just for them. They'd enjoyed playing with Zagreus, sure, but they were each other's everything. Strangely, this did not make Zagreus jealous, only made him hurt knowing that they were torn apart in another distant world.

"Let me help you out of this," Patroclus said, picking up Zagreus' hand so as to pluck free one of his bracelets. Zagreus appreciated the assistance—all the gold would be much less comfortable when biting into his skin while he slept, but he certainly wasn't coherent enough to remove it himself. One of the earrings was already digging into his cheek.

Zagreus hummed, moving helpfully into whatever position would allow Patroclus to rid him of his finery. The golden cuffs slid from his biceps, and Patroclus smoothed his hands over the places Zagreus' skin was left pink from the pressure marks.

"Achilles. Help me with this clasp," Patroclus said, his fingers at the back of Zagreus' neck. "My fingers still won't work right."

Achilles did it without looking, his forehead pressed to Zagreus' temple. He leaned back once the necklace was removed, and helped Zagreus take the earrings out. Once all the jewelry was laid aside, save for the little bracelet on his ankle that Zagreus didn't care to reach for, Achilles gave him a studious once-over. It was a look that made Zagreus feel distinctly *appraised*, and he was hard-pressed not to squirm.

"Hm," Achilles said, finally. "I like you just as much without all the trinkets, I think."

Patroclus made a rumbling noise that sounded like agreement. "You just like that the only thing he's wearing are the marks you've given him, Achilles."

Achilles' smile was slow, lazy, and comprised of equal parts lust and possession. "I do like that. Everyone must know you belong to us."

"You'll have to keep giving me more, then," Zagreus said, allowing himself to play in a world where he belonged to them permanently, where they would come home every day to Zagreus waiting for him. Where he'd eventually fight by their sides, because he couldn't let himself stay here while they risked their lives. Where he prevented them both from dying too soon, from being torn apart.

Only one night.

He hoped his sadness at the temporary arrangement didn't creep into his voice.

"Gladly," Achilles said, not having picked up on anything, good.

Patroclus slung an arm over his side. "Sleep," he said, "you've had a long enough day already."

He didn't need to, but with them, he enjoyed it.

— — —

He woke to shouts, panic, and the chaotic flickering of firelight through the thick walls of the tent. Achilles and Patroclus bolted up immediately, both of them soldiers who never fully slept. Someone was at the door to the tent, calling for them. Zagreus' mind was still fuzzy, but he caught *ambush* and *Trojans*. He scrambled to his feet as Achilles and Patroclus dressed themselves swiftly, picking up their spears.

"Stay here," Achilles said. "I won't let anyone come take you." It was a promise which meant something, coming from him.

"I want to help," Zagreus said, but he was naked and unarmed, and they were looking at him with baffled stares.

Right. To them, Zagreus was a pet, a plaything, a man who had never fought, never killed.

Dammit.

"Stay," Patroclus said, a finality in his voice.

He couldn't. He wasn't sure when this was in the war. What if this was the night one of them fell?

He needed his armor, his sword. He needed his power at its fullest, his bloodstones at his command. *Chaos*, he begged, because they were the only

being he could think to petition, *let me fight alongside them.*

He knew the mortal disguise was melting away when his feet heated up again. As he strode out of the tent, he caught the flare of his laurel sending off its customary sparks. His armor settled upon him piece by piece as he made his way into the middle of a battle, a midnight ambush that the Greek soldiers had barely been prepared for.

Finally, Stygius fell into his palm.

He smiled like a blade's edge, and flung himself into the fight.

It was easily won, if only because the Trojans kept seeing him and turning tail—the Greeks did the same, until they realized Zagreus fought on their side. He'd never fought mortals before, naturally, but their tactics resembled the shades in Elysium, except that when they fell, they stayed down instead of popping into little floating eyeballs.

Achilles and Patroclus fought with him, the three of them seamless, their spears reaching what Zagreus' sword could not. The scent of blood only fueled Zagreus, like a boon from Ares, like a sign that he was nearing the surface.

He was a wild thing, quick and merciless, not even requiring the Olympians' help to defeat these mortals. Zagreus pitched himself forward into a flip, and Stygius released its usual supernova, destroying everything in its path.

When Zagreus found no more Trojan soldiers attacking, he turned to Achilles and Patroclus and found out, suddenly and completely, how mortals looked at gods.

He could see the whites of their eyes in the dark. Even as Zagreus dropped Stygius and held up his hands, showing that the Greek soldiers were not his next target, Achilles held his spear across his chest, as if in defense. Zagreus stepped closer, and they shrank back. He stepped closer again, and Achilles put an arm in front of Patroclus, as if to protect him from *Zagreus*.

Zagreus could have dropped to his knees in that moment and they would still have been terrified.

"You're... who are you?" Achilles demanded, his fear morphing into anger.

"I'm—I told you, I'm Zagreus." He stopped approaching. They would only fear him more. Around them, the camp cowered. "Please, let's just talk about this in your tent, maybe." His voice strained, almost broke.

"Promise me," Achilles said, "that you will not hurt him." Meaning Patroclus.

"Never!" Even the idea pained him.

Achilles either accepted or refused to deny a god entrance to his quarters.

Patroclus stared dubiously at Zagreus' feet, as if they were going to set the floor alight. They weren't at risk of that. Zagreus was too crushed to burn that hot.

"Who *are* you?" Achilles asked, and Zagreus realized he was not asking for his name, but his provenance.

"I'm... no one," he said, despite the falsehood of it.

"You're not no one," Patroclus said. "I know power when I see it. You fight like you've come straight from Olympus. Yet we've never heard your name before today."

Zagreus shook his head. "I'm not from Olympus."

"Then...?" Achilles waited, mystified, for an answer.

Zagreus pointed downward.

Achilles and Patroclus were stricken by what looked like the deepest fear Zagreus could imagine a mortal feeling. It was as if someone had dug his heart from his chest and squeezed it.

"So, what, you come to us to trick us into defiling you? To what end?" Patroclus sounded angry, but also would not look at Zag directly. The fear still held him, then.

"No! Defiling—what?" He was as stunned as the two of them for a moment, until he remembered what he knew of mortal sensibilities, and of his relatives' on Olympus. Come to think of it, the lot of his male relatives (Dionysus excepted) would probably kill a mortal man for fucking them. He sighed, collapsing into a seated position. Achilles and Patroclus still stood before him, but when Zagreus sat, they lowered themselves, too.

"Then, what?" Patroclus peered at him as if trying to read into his mind. Achilles still placed himself a little in front of Patroclus, as if Zag was going to mete out some divine punishment for a nonexistent sleight.

"Listen," he sighed, head in his hands. "I'm not like my relatives on Olympus, or like most men around here, I suppose." He looked up then, and found them still afraid to meet his eyes. His right had probably returned to its usual black and red. "Here, I'll put it like this: you saw how powerful I am. If I disliked anything you did to me, I could have stopped you."

"I'm certain you could," Patroclus said, hesitant, as if following Zagreus' line of logic was asking him to take a step too far.

"But I didn't. Because I liked it." This time, when he shifted closer to him, they didn't move. They still froze in place, but that was an improvement, Zagreus decided. "I loved every moment of it."

Achilles and Patroclus were looking at one another, the contents of that gaze indeterminable.

"I suppose there's one more thing I ought to admit," Zagreus said, and their attention broke, returning to him. "I'm only here for one night."

Finally, when he moved closer, Achilles leaned in, too. A bit of Zagreus' tension fell away as Achilles looked at him, his expression softening. "Are you?"

"Yes. And... I want you again, if you'll have me."

"I suppose the tables will have turned, this time?" Patroclus asked, although he did not seem uninterested.

Zagreus shook his head. "I meant it when I said I want both of you in me at once. And now, you know that you won't hurt me."

It was beyond entertaining to watch them go from bemused to hungry with such a simple phrase. And then: "as long as you won't set us on fire with your feet, I'm in." For the second time that night, Achilles went about the process of removing his breastplate.

"Achilles—" Patroclus still had a bit of hesitation in him.

Achilles did not. "What? We've already fucked a god once tonight, I can't see what the harm in doing it again would be. Perhaps it would be worse, even, to deny what our lord Zagreus has asked of us."

"Please don't call me that," Zagreus groaned, embarrassment flooding him. "It sounds so strange."

"And why is that?" Of course, he would not know that in Zagreus' mind, Achilles was the one who deserved titles of respect.

"I liked it better when you were calling me your prize," Zagreus said instead. It was just as true.

Patroclus came to Zagreus, his hand hovering over the skulls on Zagreus' pauldron as he observed his garments with no lack of hesitancy. "How does this come off?" And once Zagreus showed him, "I must ask, what caused you to appear here before us?"

Oh, I've just fallen half in love with you both in the future and the primordial entity that created everything we know decided to indulge my unbearable lust. You know. The usual.

"Probably my insatiable love for attractive men who can fuck me into the ground," he said instead. It was almost just as true. Okay, it wasn't.

Patroclus scoffed like he did not believe this. Zagreus merely smiled mildly at him and unclasped his belt, then let his chiton drop from his body. While Patroclus removed Zagreus' greaves, Achilles approached again and grasped the back of his neck, urging Zagreus to look up at him.

"Are the odd eyes normal for you?" Achilles asked. "They look right on you."

"It was stranger to see them both green," Zagreus admitted. "I—oh, haha, that's nice." Patroclus' thumb dug into the arch of his foot, massaging the muscle there and sending up sparks.

"You are hot as living coals," Patroclus said, "I wonder how I don't burn myself touching you here."

Zagreus had never quite thought about it. He didn't want to think about it now, not when Achilles was fully nude before him. "Help me get these off," he said to Patroclus instead, who eagerly stripped him out of his leggings. "I've never taken two at once before," he remarked, now as fully nude as he was going to get. His armbands did not need to be removed in order to allow him to fuck them, so he wouldn't be bothering with them.

Achilles pulled Zagreus in for a kiss, finally, *finally* regaining enough confidence to touch him freely. He settled his free hand at the small of Zagreus' back, guiding him until Achilles could fit a thigh between his legs. The anxiousness faded almost entirely when Zagreus felt Achilles grind against him, working himself to hardness.

"Achilles, on your back," Patroclus said, "get him on top of you."

"I'm going to have no leverage," Achilles complained, but he was already pulling Zagreus back toward the bed.

"Have to slow you down somehow," Patroclus said, shrugging.

"I'd rather he not slow down," Zagreus admitted. As they approached the bed, Patroclus, who was now almost completely undressed, reached for him, turning him around in Achilles' arms so that he faced Patroclus.

Patroclus was rolling his eyes, which Zagreus took as a sign that he was also settling back into a comfortable place. "I'm sure you would rather that, but some of us are not gods, nor children of gods." He leaned in, not to kiss Zagreus but to speak into his ear, still loud enough that Achilles could doubtless hear him. "If I let Achilles have his way, I'd never get a chance to fuck you again. So, I must slow him down."

"That, I accept."

"If you must," Achilles sighed.

Patroclus reached over Zagreus and shoved Achilles backward, sending him tumbling into the bed. Achilles probably could have avoided the strike if he'd wanted to, but he didn't seem to mind going sprawling.

He looked like the prince, like the demigod he was, laid out on the bedding, his golden skin standing out among the dark sheets. Zagreus was helpless to do anything but go to him, dropping to his knees aside Achilles' lap. Patroclus followed, his hand tracing down Zagreus' back, sending rapturous shivers up his spine. Zagreus may have been the most divine of the three of them, but they were the ones who ought to be worshipped.

"Turn around," Patroclus said, "we'll sit you on his cock this way, so that I can—here."

It was a bit of ungainly shuffling to get the three of them in position, but they ended up with Achilles on his back, leaning against the largest of their pile of pillows. Zagreus reclined with his back to Achilles' chest, his head resting on Achilles' shoulder, legs spread to either side of Achilles' so that Achilles could work his cock back into Zagreus. Patroclus had suggested fingering him open again first, which Zagreus had heartily protested. It had been mere *hours*, Zagreus certainly did not need anymore preparation.

It made Achilles' cock feel like a bit of a tighter fit than it had been before, and Zagreus held his breath until he was fully seated. From this position, he couldn't really take all of Achilles' cock without bowing out his spine and fucking down—which he did once or twice, until Patroclus put a hand on his stomach to keep him still.

Patroclus still had to get his fingers inside Zagreus, to the point where Zagreus just wondered if that was a *thing* for him. He appreciated it in this case, because he really would need some slow handling to get himself spread open enough to take Patroclus' cock, too. Achilles moaned as Pat's fingers stroked over his cock inside of Zagreus, and then his head tipped forward so that he could muffle any additional sounds in the side of Zagreus' neck.

It wasn't until Achilles' breath hitched again, the little noises coming from his throat rising in pitch, did Zagreus think to wonder where Patroclus' other hand was. He really was trying to slow Achilles down, or else wear out his stamina before Patroclus got inside Zag, too.

Patroclus removed his fingers, reaching for more oil. Zagreus, realizing he wasn't stretched quite so tight around Achilles, sat up and grasped Patroclus' wrist before Patroclus could fit his fingers back inside.

"No. Your cock, hurry up," he said, near pleading. *One night*. He wanted all he could get.

"You ought to listen to him, Patroclus," Achilles said, his hand snaking around to squeeze at Zagreus' chest. "He's going to feel incredible."

"You're sure?" Patroclus asked, a concerned little frown on his face.

Zagreus wiped that frown off with a thumb across Patroclus' lips. "Yes, I'm sure."

Patroclus leaned in, kissed Zagreus' sternum and then a part of his pectoral that showed between two of Achilles' fingers. He straightened up before pushing in, one of his hands grasping Zagreus' thigh just above his knee, pushing until his legs spread wider. He didn't push Zagreus as far as he could have, which Zagreus appreciated, as he was already occupied with the stretch of Patroclus' cock filling him.

Both of them in him at once was probably the most intense thing that Zagreus, in his somewhat limited experience, had ever felt. He practically screamed (and thought of how all of the camp around them would know it

was a *god* crying out for them in their tent) his head dropping back onto Achilles' shoulder. He desperately needed something to hold onto, and Achilles was quick to entwine their fingers when Zagreus reached for him.

"All right?" Achilles asked him, genuine concern in his voice.

"Mm. It's so. *Much*."

"Too much?" This came from Patroclus, who paused when Zagreus spoke, despite having not fully entered him.

"No." Zagreus wasn't entirely certain whether he'd spoken the truth. It might have been too much. He might have wanted too much. Patroclus didn't continue fucking into him until Zagreus said, "keep going."

"You're incredible," Achilles said. He still held tight to Zagreus' hand, his opposite hand reaching around to tease at Zagreus' cock. "Tell him when he can move, all right?"

"Tell me if you want me to stop," Patroclus added, although he was barely able to get the words through the haze of lust that enveloped him. He would be just as frustrated as Zagreus if this stopped anytime soon.

Still, Zagreus wasn't quite ready to tell him to move, not for fear of pain but for fear of coming immediately. He turned his head to kiss Achilles, not trusting himself to keep from begging for it. Achilles' touch diverted from Zagreus' cock, reaching further between his legs instead, feeling where the two of them entered him. Zagreus lifted his leg out of Patroclus' hold to squeeze tight around his hips instead, ankles crossing to keep Patroclus from pulling out of him.

"Okay," he said, and then was not able to finish his thought because Achilles kissed him again, and it was impossible to think or say anything. "Ah, Patroclus, fuck me." There it was.

"Oh, yes, please do that, Pat." Achilles' face was hidden in Zagreus' neck again, but Zagreus could tell he was smiling, and he could tell that smile was full of secrets. Or perhaps just full of enjoyment of his lover's pleasure,

as Patroclus looked spectacularly rapturous as he gripped Zagreus' waist and fucked back into him with the same kind of power he had displayed during their previous round.

The two of them together were too tight a fit for Patroclus to move with any speed, but he made up for that by fucking Zagreus *deep*, less a frenzy and more a maddening grind that Zagreus could feel in every inch of him. The sheer depth of sensation made every little touch, every one of Achilles' fingers between every one of Zagreus' own, stand out in his mind. Every kiss Achilles placed on his neck and his jaw, every scrape of Patroclus' beard against his chest as Patroclus bowed his head for Zagreus.

It was all so very *visceral*. Ordinarily, his feelings for these men were nothing but flights of fantasy, ephemeral and always hanging out of his reach. Now, they touched every inch of him, fucking him harder, better than anybody ever had.

In this moment, he belonged only to them. In this moment, they wanted him. In this moment, maybe, they loved him. They certainly held him like lovers.

Patroclus was quiet, as Zagreus had expected the man to be, but he grew louder as he got closer, all the pretty words he'd been spilling before obliterated by his lust, turned into desperate, bitten-off curses and cries of both their names. Zagreus clutched at Patroclus' shoulder, his fingers digging in.

"Come on," Zagreus said, his voice coming out far too soft for *only one night*. "Show me how good I make you feel."

"Zagreus." Gods, if Zagreus ever heard the Patroclus of his time say his name and not 'stranger,' he'd struggle not to relive this exact moment, raging hard-on and all. Patroclus gripped his thighs, fingers digging into hard muscle and making Zagreus groan as Patroclus ground into him in tight little circles, fucking Zagreus through his orgasm.

After Patroclus pulled out, he clambered up to kiss Zagreus—that alone would have left him breathless, but Achilles was shifting beneath him, one

foot planted on the edge of the bed, using what little leverage he had to fuck into him. It wasn't much, but it spoke to how desperate Achilles was to maneuver Zagreus into a position where he could really fuck him, hopefully just as forcefully as he had before.

"I wasn't entirely wrong," Patroclus said, leaning down to taste Zagreus' lips once more before proclaiming, "not quite a siren, but he is something divine, is he not?"

Achilles made a strangled noise in his throat. "Would that this place had walls, I would fuck you up against one."

"Oh... that would be nice, wouldn't it?" It took a moment for them to get anywhere near even thinking about repositioning themselves, because Zagreus did not have it in him to lift himself up and off Achilles' cock. He supposed he must, if he wanted to relocate himself where Achilles wanted him.

"Hm. Sadly, I do not trust the tent-poles against Achilles, and I would rather this place not come tumbling down about our heads." Patroclus observed their surroundings with the sharp eye of a strategist, a look Zagreus did not often see on him. "Fuck him against the table, if you want a hard surface to ride him into."

"Always do I appreciate your particular creative wisdom, beloved. Especially when it pertains to this." He leaned in to kiss Patroclus, sloppy and sweet, lingering, like he knew Zagreus was watching and enjoying what he saw.

And then.

He was on Zagreus faster than he would have expected, moving with the speed and ferocity with which he had fought. Zagreus found himself sprawled on his front against the low table, his knees on the ground. One of his hands was just beside the polished metal platter in which he had first examined his unusual new appearance after having been dropped into this setting.

He did not look strange at all, anymore, at least not to his own eyes. Several of the leaves that floated off his laurel landed on the table beside him, reminding him that his appearance was back to normal. Zagreus wondered if they would remain here even after he was gone, golden reminders of his time there. If Achilles and Patroclus would be finding tiny, shining leaves all over their tent for weeks after, just as Meg complained of finding them in her clothing.

"Brace yourself," Achilles said, which was all the warning Zagreus received before realizing one very important thing about the previous round.

Achilles had been holding back.

This was the last coherent thought that went through Zagreus' mind, anything to follow becoming an incomprehensible tangle of *yes* and *more* and *good*.

Everything atop the table rattled as Achilles pounded into him, sending Zagreus cross-eyed and open-mouthed. Achilles nipped at his neck, teeth scraping so hard Zagreus almost bled, and Zagreus bit his lower lip hard enough that it *did* bleed, just a little spot of red and iron in the very center. It was the place Zagreus had first noticed the deep burgundy stain of wine on Achilles' mouth.

There was nothing slow about this time—Achilles did not pause to carefully ensure that Zagreus was enjoying himself because he knew, by now, that Zagreus was having the time of this and every other life he lived. At this pace, it didn't last long, couldn't have, especially not when Achilles wrapped his hand around Zagreus' cock, barely stroking him, just letting the rocking of his hips fuck Zagreus into his hand.

Zagreus pressed his forehead against the table as he came, the rough surface of the wood grain the only thing that kept him grounded enough to realize Achilles was coming, too, sinking his teeth into the other side of Zagreus' neck and his fingers into Zagreus' ribs. It felt as if he could have crushed Zagreus—certainly, Zagreus could not get a full breath with Achilles compressing his chest and fucking him like it was an act of war, or worship, or both.

Zagreus was surprised when he didn't pass into the Styx right there, when Achilles gathered him up in his arms instead and took him back to bed, when Patroclus pulled him into another embrace.

He was shaking, and he knew they could feel it, and they held him tighter then, Achilles kissing his hair and Patroclus whispering *so good for us, perfect.*

In this moment, he loved them with every piece of himself.

In this one night, they loved him, too.

— — —

"Zagreus," Achilles said to him, weeks or months later, when he finally stood side by side with Patroclus. Zagreus hadn't stopped grinning since he'd first seen the two of them together. "When you reunited us, we happened to... remember something."

"In the mildest way of putting it," Patroclus said, sounding deeply amused by Achilles' hesitancy.

"It's just, we couldn't have met you before... you would have been down here during the war. But even so." Achilles folded his arms, frowning as if he had turned this idea over in his mind many times already.

"Well, uh. Yes. That wasn't entirely my doing, sir," Zagreus said.

Oh gods, oh gods, they remembered. Touching him, fucking him, calling him theirs, sending him from teetering on the edge of emotion to falling in love in the course of a single night—

"Wasn't it?" Patroclus asked.

He remembered Zagreus on his knees. He remembered Zagreus with his legs spread. He remembered Zagreus begging for his cock.

"Ahem. Well. You see, when I visit Chaos, I never quite know what I'm going to get."

Author's Note:

Visit me on twitter @luddlestons for more Hades nonsense!